

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1.—Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
- 2.—Use pen and ink, not pencil.
- 3.—Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
- 4.—Original stories or letters only will be used.
- 5.—Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

WIDE-AWAKE POETRY

Salute to the Trees

MARY A. TREE IN THE WOOD
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarled
root.

Some for the "ness of flower or fruit;
Some for shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm:
Some for the room and some for the beam.

And some for a boat to breast the
stream:
In the wealth of the wood since the
world began.

The trees have offered their gifts to man,
But the glory of trees is more than their
gifts:

'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound
clod.

A pillar, an arch in the temple of God.
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in
birth;

Their leaves are alive with the breath
of the earth;
They shelter the dwelling of man; and
they bend

Over his grave with the look of a loving
friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest
of pines;
I have slept in the shadow of olives and
vines;

In the leaves of an oak, at the foot of a
palm,
I have found good rest and slumbers
balm.

And now, when the morning glids the
horizon
Of the vaulted Elm at the door of my
house,

I open the window and make salute;
God bless thy branches and feed thy
root!

Thou hast lived before life after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree!"

—Henry Van Dyke in Scribner's Magazine.

Uncle Jed's Talk to Wide-Awakes

There are many things Wide-Awakes
can do to help mother and by so doing
they can make the days brighter and
happier for her. How many times have
you seen her working early and late
for your comfort. Mother is generally the
first one up in the morning and the last
one to retire at night. She is very often
tired with the long day's work, but you
always find her cheerful and ready for
the numerous tasks that must be done.

Boys and girls should always be ready
and willing to help when there is any-
thing they can do for her. When mother
asks you to do an errand at the store, or
to bring in the wood and coal, don't sulk
and fret, even if you have to give up
a few moments of your play time. Al-
ways be ready to smile and do whatever
she asks cheerfully and as if you meant
it.

Don't quarrel with your brothers and
sisters, and above all, never say mean-
ingless things to them. If things don't go
just as you would like them, try your best
to overcome any feeling of disappointment
and hope they will be better next time.

Practically everything comes from
small beginnings. There is an oak tree
in every acorn, a chestnut tree in
every chestnut, and an apple tree in
every apple. It is the little things in
life that count. Every boy and girl wants
to be happy and get the job that life has
to give, so don't waste time fussing over
some fancied wrong that can be righted
if you only go about it in the right way.

Winners of Prize Books

1.—Eugene Healy, South Windham—
The Auto Boys' Big Six.

2.—Lewis Safford, Canterbury—The
Boy Land Rover.

3.—Phyllis Adams, Baltic—Billy
Whiskers.

4.—Arthur Thelen, Stafford—The Auto
Boys.

5.—Sophie Golick, South Coventry—
The Girl Scout's Rally.

6.—Louise Schaffhauser, Norwich—The
Daughter Girls in the Mountains.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Richard D. O'Neil, Plainfield—I received
the nice book you sent me. And I thank
you for it very much. I am reading it
and like it very much.

Frieda Korff, Fitchville—I have re-
ceived your prize book entitled "Battling
the Colds," and I wish to thank you very
much. I have read it and it is very
enjoyable.

Lorraine Gladue, Taftville—I thank you
very much for the prize book you sent
me entitled "The Auto Boys' Mystery." I
have read it and find it interesting.

Joe Kead, Lebanon—When I came home
from school I found your book entitled,
"Little Prudy's Story Book" waiting for
me. I have read it through and found
it very interesting. It is one of the best
books I have ever read. I thank you very
much for it.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES

Five Little Puppies
Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you
about my little puppies. I have five of
them. Some are black and white, others
are brown and white.

They are just beginning to play. One
day I put some corn on the wooden
floor for the hen to eat. The pup-
pies were playing in a corner. One of
them saw the corn and ran toward it
and grabbed it by the neck. The hen said
"squawk" and ran out of the shed. The
puppies also play with my kitten.

I am waiting for them to grow up
so I can go hunting with them.
Your little friend,
EUGENE HEALY, Age 9,
South Windham.

Quadie

Dear Uncle Jed: Quadie is located
in the southeastern part of Thompson,
in the northeastern part of Windham
county, and in the northeastern part of
Connecticut. It has beautiful scenery. It
is a lake which is very beautiful. It
is in the sunlight. On the sides of
the lake are two hillsides which look
something like the hillsides along the
Hudson. On these hillsides are many
trees, which are wonderful in the month
of October, when their leaves are turn-
ing. In the center of Quadie is a small
country school. In front of the school
is the American flag. Inside the school
is a picture of the Colonians at Rome,
a picture of the Angelus, and a picture
of George Washington, who was the
first president of the United States. In
front of the room is a desk for the teach-
er, near the desk is a stove and on the
north side is a large cupboard filled
with books.

On the south side of the school is a

large field in which was a big pile of
brush, and before long we had a blaz-
ing hot fire which felt good after eating
ice cream.

When we arrived back at her house
we played ball again until some of us were
tired of playing ball. Two boys and I
took fish poles and went to a nearby
pond to fish, but our luck was a failure.
We stayed and fished until someone called
us to have a lunch, consisting of water-
melon, cake, ice cream, apples and pean-
ut butter.

We then played different games until
about four o'clock, a man came after us
in his car and we had to go home.
But it was the most beautiful day, and
we all had a very fine time.

Yours truly,
LEWIS SAFFORD, Age 13,
Canterbury.

The Broken-Hearted Monkey

Dear Uncle Jed: All was quiet in the
town of Martinsdale except for an occa-
sional chirp of a bird in the lofty
trees. Now and then a splash was
heard as a frog jumped into a pool
nearby. Suddenly was heard a line of
music in the town which was now
noisy.

The boys rushed out of the houses
and slammed the doors and doors rushed
out of their kennels with a bark to
follow their youthful masters. They
went down a lane and at the end there
was an organ grinder with his monkey
who was scrambling up the side of the
building to get the pennies which were
held out to him. The monkey was
dressed in a red jacket and a red cap.
It went from one window to another
and got the pennies. The monkey had
two pockets on the sides of his coat.
He put the pennies into his pockets. But
as he turned to go down he went
down headfirst and the pennies dropped
into the street.

The monkey had enough sense to
turn back and go down the other way.
The boys meanwhile had gathered round
the pennies and put them in the grinder's
cup. The monkey shed tears and whim-
pered. But when he saw the boys give
the pennies he returned joyfully to
his master's side.

ARTHUR THOLEN, Age 11,
Stafford.

An Exciting Adventure

Dear Uncle Jed: About a week ago I
wrote this composition in school and got
a high mark on it.

An Exciting Adventure—One day as
I was walking home through the forest,
I suddenly heard a low chuck-
ling in the bushes. I looked up and, to
my surprise, twelve or fourteen Indians
were laughing and chuckling together.
They were looking over their shoulders
and I saw that they were going to do
it in the evening.

They were going to scare the people,
steal cows, hens, horses and anything
they could lay hands upon. They were
going to destroy everything, besides
burn the whole village.

I went into the village and notified
the people. When the Indians came the
whole town was waiting ready for
them, and soon defeated the whole
tribe.

These Indians never tried to trouble
the people again, or tried to massacre
any of them. After that I was al-
ways careful not to meet any Indians
while going through the forests.

EDWIN D. FOSTER, Age 12,
North Windham.

The Unselfish Squirrel

Dear Uncle Jed: I have only written
to the Wide-Awakes once before. I
thought I would write a story. My
last Saturday morning I took my sister
out for a walk. We went on Broad
street. While we were there we saw
a squirrel. We were picking up nuts in
the yard, when they began to fall fast-
ly. We looked up and in the tree above
us was a little gray squirrel. It had
seen us picking up nuts. We watched
him. It was picking nuts off the tree,
taking the nuts out of the shell and
throwing them down. We appreciated
this very much. After that we came
home, very happy after seeing the un-
selfish squirrel.

MAURY HARGREAVES, Age 11,
Norwich.

A Cat That Plays Football

Dear Uncle Jed: I would like to tell
you about our cat. He is brown and
white. When some of our children
play football he usually is around.
If the ball comes toward him he will
sniff it and then he will jump on it.
He chases my dog and gets. He al-
ways snorts when chasing them. He
likes to play very much. One day he
came past my house. His name is Star.
He has a brown star on his forehead.
It is pretty near bedtime and I
will close with love.

FRANCIS HEALY,
South Windham.

The Missing Dime

Dear Uncle Jed: One day I saw
something in a window that I wanted
very much. It only cost a dime. I
went home, got the dime and started
out again. I put the dime in my pocket
and I got to the store at last and put-
ting my hand in my pocket felt no
dime. I walked back but could not find
trace of the missing dime.

I went back all the way and walked
into the store. I looked longingly at
the thing which might have been mine
if I had not been so careless. Without
my dime I could not buy it. I was
very sad. I put the dime in my pocket
and what was my surprise to find it
there hard. I took it out and there
was the longed for dime. I, of
course, bought the thing, but I have
wondered to this day how the dime
came in my pocket.

DOROTHY ISAACSON, Age 12,
Norwich.

Going Nutting

Dear Uncle Jed: One bright sunny
day in the month of October, a friend
and I went nutting. We had a bag
with us and we went to a place where
we hoped to fill.

We went over in some woods where
many walnut trees grew. After I had
picked up nuts for a while I went over
to another tree. Here I picked for
about five minutes. I then went far-
ther into the woods until I came to a
large beech tree. I filled my bags
and then went back to the place where
I had left my companion. He had
been to the nutting place and had
about fifteen minutes when we came out
on a road where I found I had been go-
ing in the wrong direction, so we turned
around and started for home.

After encountering many difficulties I
arrived home about 4 o'clock. I meas-
ured my nutting and found I had only
one peck. I then spread them out on
the floor to dry. Although I spent one
afternoon in gathering the nuts, I en-
joyed eating them the whole winter
long.

I hope the Wide-Awakes will enjoy
reading this story very much.

FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN, Age 12,
Borahville.

Raising Little Chickens

Dear Uncle Jed: Last year my fa-
ther let me use one of his hens. She
was very nice. I named her Birdie. One
day the hawk took her and I was very
sorry about it. But the dog ran after
him and the hawk dropped her on the
ground. She had a big hole in her side
but she was living.

I was very glad the hawk dropped
her. She was very nice. I had her in a
box by herself. In a week she was
laid. I was looking for her a long time
but I could not find her. I came home
from school and my mother said that
my hen came to a new place. She was
hungry. So my mother gave her some
thing to eat.

One Sunday when I was home I was

very glad the hawk dropped her. She
was very nice. I had her in a box by
herself. In a week she was laid. I was
looking for her a long time but I could
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Young Citizens' Adventures

The Army

BY R. S. ALEXANDER

Hunting Eye was happy. He had
again met his friend of the summer, the
Captain, who had hunted in the North
Woods. And the Captain was taking
him to see the great army camp in
which he was stationed.

"Who runs the army?" he asked.
"The War Department. The Presi-
dent, except when he appoints some
one else in war time, is Commander-in-
Chief of the army and is responsible
for the manner in which its affairs are
carried on. He appoints a Secretary
of War who is at the head of the War
Department. This Department controls
the army. Of course the Department
carries out the policies of the Presi-
dent."

"It does not have power to vote
money for military affairs. That must
be done by Congress. But the De-
partment makes recommendations as to
how much money is needed by the
army and these recommendations have
some weight with Congress when it
comes to decide how much money to
vote. The Department has control of
the spending of the money. It appoints
all of the commissioned officers from
the commanding general down to the
junior second lieutenant."

"Can a city have an army?"
"No, but the states have what are
called state militias. Most of the states
maintain a body of troops called the
state militia or national guard. These
men do not make a life business of
soldiering but merely do a certain
amount of training each year. The
state equips them and controls them.
Then if a riot or disorder breaks out
in the state, the state government can
use these troops to stop it. When a
war begins, they are usually trans-
ferred into the federal service and put
under the control of the national gov-
ernment."

At the opening of the Great
War, almost all the state troops were
sworn into the federal service.

"Thus you see, there are really two
armies, the Regular Army controlled
by the national government, and made
up of men whose life business is sol-
diering and the National Guard con-
trolled by the state governments and
made up of men who devote only a
part of their time to military affairs."

and the man had to go into the parlor.
at his heels, and soon the parlor was
filled neck-high, and the man had to re-
turn to an open field to escape the tide.
After that the man brought the mill to
stop. The farmer asked to take it back, but
the farmer very shrewdly refused. When
the man offered a sum as large as the
one which he bought it, the farmer took
it back.

Soon after the farmer made himself
rich and famous and he was not only
known throughout the country but also
abroad, and many foreign people came
to see him and his handmill. Among
these was a skipper who went far for salt
to freight it to other countries. When
he asked to buy it the farmer would not
part with it until the skipper agreed
because he knew that the skipper would
bring it back very soon.

The skipper did not loiter long after he
had purchased the handmill, because the
farmer might change his mind, and in his
hurry he did not stop to ask how to stop
it, but put it on his back and brought it
on deck. He ordered the mill to grind
salt, and grind it both fine and quick.
The mill began to spout salt in great
quantities until the ship was full and the
water came on deck and all went to the
bottom. And to this very day the mill
grinds on, and that is why the sea is
salt.

LAURENT BEONIT,
Taftville.

Saw Submarines and Steamships

Dear Uncle Jed: One morning I went
with my father to peddle milk and when
we finished it we bought some fruit and
other good things. After that we went
home. Then my mother packed the lunch
and finally we started for New London.
We rode about an hour and a half.

When we got there we went in swim-
ming. After half an hour we ate our
dinner and we walked around and looked
at the things. Then we started for home.
While we were riding we saw subma-
rines, steamships and canoes. We had
some sea sickness. When we reached
home we put our old clothes on and got
the eggs in the barn and milked them
and fed them. Then we had our supper
and after that we played games.

The next day we went to Groton Long
Point and after we spent the day there
we started for home. On the way we
saw the submarine base and saw
submarines and boats. We had lots of
fun that day.

RAYMOND A. ROY, Age 11,
Williamantic.

Our Three Calves

Dear Uncle Jed: We have three calves
and two of them are so afraid of us that
we have to run after them while we
catch them, but the one I take care of
we kept chained to a stake in a different
lot. The two that are afraid of us are Helen
and Esther, and the other one is Helena.

We named Helen and Helena so near
alike because they look so much alike
that my mother can't tell them apart
when one of them is not chained to the
stake.

My older brother Charles taught Helena
to hunt and so now my little brother
Robert doesn't like it so well because
one time she lifted him up a few inches
from the ground.

I had quite a little fun taking her
this summer, even if the old horse does
go slow. I picked up a little over a
bushel of walnuts and sold them. I var-
ished my bicycle not very long ago and
now it is nice and shiny.

A. EVELYN BROWN, Age 12,
Williamantic.

Cotton

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell the
Wide-Awakes about cotton. It
grows in the United States. It has a
white blossom on it. When the green
buds burst open the white cotton comes
out. In the summer time the fields look
like red and white roses in bloom. It
has to have a warm climate to grow in.

WILLIAMANTIC

Why the Sea is Salt

Dear Uncle Jed: One day a poor farmer
visited Dead Man's hall, where he pur-
chased a handmill. The mill was a mar-
vel because it would grind anything at
the owner's command, but one little peo-
ple about it was that you had to know
how to stop it.

One purchaser who had a characteris-
tic to pay a large sum for it and brought
it home without asking how to stop it.
He pounded the mill to grind herrings and
porridge; then when all the pots and
pans in the house were full the man told
the handmill to stop but it would not do
so. He then turned every wheel but to
his surprise it would not stop, and soon
the porridge and herring flowed in great
quantities and began to flood the kitchen.

PAISY CARUSSELLA, Age 9,
Eagleville.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE FROM FAR AND NEAR SAW

THE VICTOR PAGE AERO-TYPE FOUR

IN NOWICH THE LAST FEW DAYS

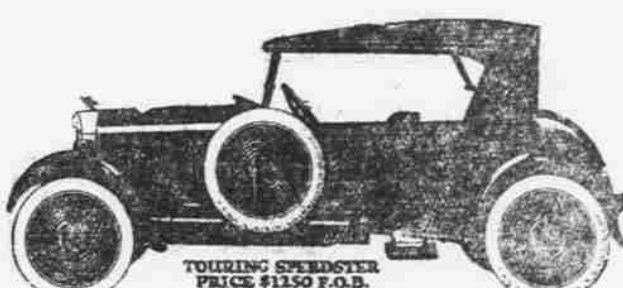
EVERYBODY VERY WELL SATISFIED!

PUBLIC DEMAND MUST BE MET!

CAR WILL BE EXHIBITED TODAY AND TONIGHT

13 BATH STREET—Opposite Bailey's Garage

SEE THE ENGINEERING TRIUMPH!

TOURING SPEEDSTER
PRICE \$1150 F.O.B.

THE POLICY OF THE VICTOR PAGE MOTORS CORPORATION IS TO BUILD
AUTOMOBILES TO SUIT THE EXACTING TASTES AND REQUIREMENTS OF
EVERYONE DESIRING A CAR! CARS OF STANDARD BODY DESIGN AS
WELL AS CARS OF SPECIAL DISTINCTIVE PAGE PATTERN WILL BE MADE—
DISC OR WOODEN WHEELS ARE OPTIONAL.

A FEW FEATURES OF THE AERO-TYPE FOUR

1—SIMPLICITY OF CONSTRUCTION 3—PATENTED AIR-COOLED MOTOR
25 to 30 Miles on Gallon
of Gas

Economy Lower Repair Costs
Fewer Parts to Get Out
of Order

Economy of Operation
Greater Accessibility
No Radiators or Pumps
to Repair

2—PATENTED BRAKES
That Never Fail
That Prevent Much Skid-
ding

Require Very Little Care
Make Driving Safer
And Other Features

4—PATENTED SPRINGS, ETC.
Give Flexibility and
Comfort

5—PATENTED BODY FEATURE
Combination Utility
Body

Converts Speedster Into
Light Delivery

Cars \$650. and up

and sure enough I pierced for the first
time the body of a man.

Again and again I pierced the human
flesh. This I did not do with pleasure,
for I was very much depressed and I
shuddered every time, but I had to do
my best to save my master's life.

"Alas! My master dropped me and I
treated. I was trampled on and crushed
almost to death. All my bones were
broken. Even my spine was broken
in two. I suffered to an utmost degree.
This I did not notice very long for
I lost consciousness. When I awoke I
found myself in this box. The mantle
clock said that a farmer found me and
kept me as a souvenir."

ARTHUR MARCHESSEAU, Age 18,
Mooseport.

Torrington.—Constable John O'Connor
is suffering from blood poisoning in his
right foot. The infection is believed
to have been caused by a corn plaster used in
treating his foot.

GIACOMO. LILLIAN CULVER, Age 18,
Mooseport.

RIKING
Dear Uncle Jed: One day our school-
master said that we were going on a
hike in the morning and we had to get
ready that night and go to bed early.
In the morning I was up and got my self
ready and went to the club where they
were waiting. We started at eight
o'clock and made for the woods.

We took our lunch, peanuts, hot dogs
and marshmallows to roast. Soon we got
there and it was a nice place with a
clear spring running past and the school-
master said that it was where we were
going to drink. So we all started to
eat. First we had to make a fire and
do the hot dogs and then eat them all
together. After we had a treasure hunt
for a two pound box of candy. A treas-
ure hunt is a prize or something hidden
in the trees or in the grass. Soon it
was getting dark and we had to clean
up and go home. When we were on our
way home a boy fell and cut his head a
little, but the schoolmaster had some band-
ages and bandaged it up and it was soon
well. Soon we reached home and we
were very tired for we had walked a
long way for that day.

FRED WHITEHEAD,
Baltic.

Adventures of a Sword
Dear Uncle Jed: It was during the
Civil war that I was made. I am now
enjoying myself in a plush box. My box
being dated today for the first time
in twelve years. I will relate my story
the best I can.

The first thing I can remember is that
I was carried by a soldier who placed me
in a dark pit at his side. Here I was
contented for a while.

The time came when my master was
to take part in a battle.